IDW

#5 • $3.99

MORRISON
ABNETT
HITCH
RIDGWAY

DOCTOR WHO CLASSICS

cover by Robert Hack

WWW.IDWPUBLISHING.COM • $3.99

00511

8 27714 00222 5

Doctor Who Classics
The Seventh Doctor
Issue #5

"Culture Shock"
Writer:
Grant Morrison
Art:
Bryan Hitch
Editor:
Richard Starkings

Originally printed in
Doctor Who
Magazine #139

"Echoes of Morgor!"
Writer:
Dan Abnett
Art:
John Ridgway
Editor:
Richard Starkings

Originally printed in
Doctor Who
Magazine #143-144

New Credits:
Colors:
Charlie Kirchoff
Editor:
Denton J. Tipton
Designer:
Amauri Osorio

Cover Art By:
Robert Hack
Colors By:
Charlie Kirchoff

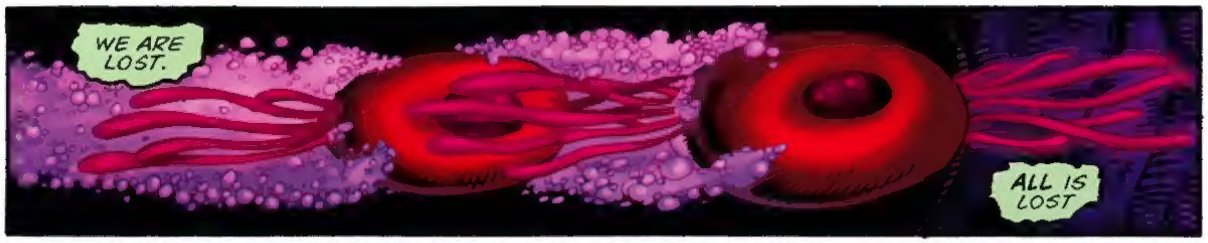
Special thanks to Gary Russell, David Turbitt, and Ed Casey at BBC Worldwide, and Mike Riddell and Tom Spilsbury at Panini Publishing Limited for their invaluable assistance.

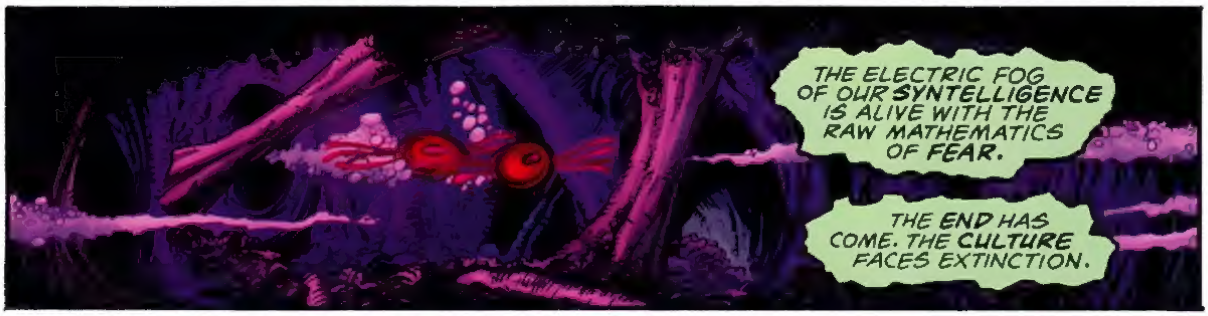
IDW™

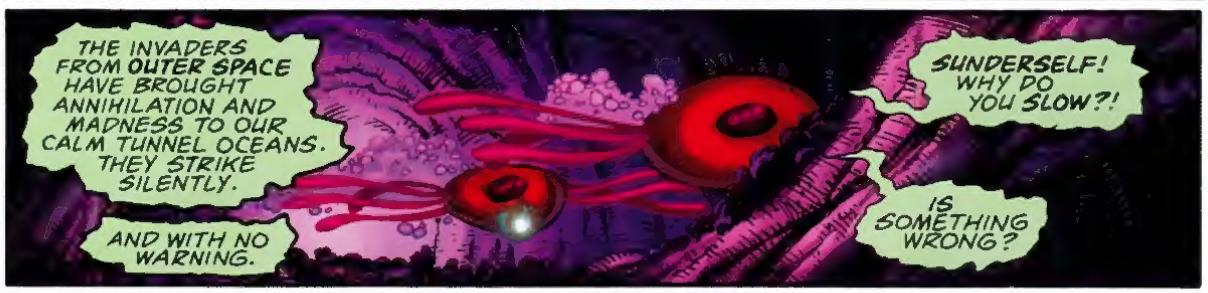
Ted Adams, CEO & Publisher
Greg Goldstein, Chief Operating Officer
Robbie Robbins, EVP/Sr. Graphic Artist
Chris Ryall, Chief Creative Officer/Editor-in-Chief
Matthew Ruzicka, CPA, Chief Financial Officer
Alan Payne, VP of Sales

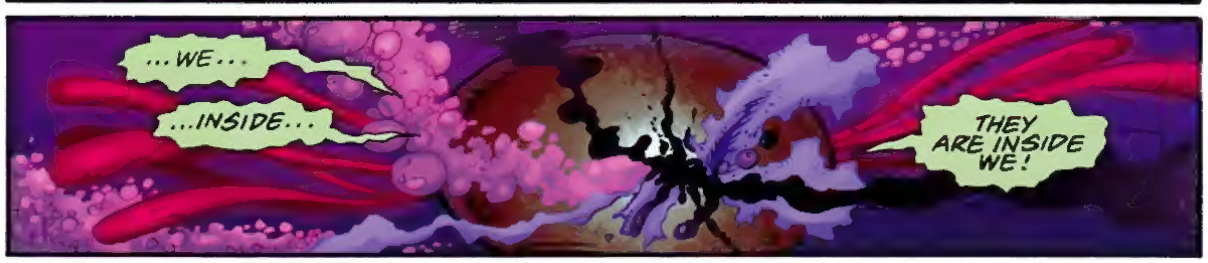
Become our fan on Facebook **facebook.com/idwpublishing**
Follow us on Twitter **@idwpublishing**
Check us out on YouTube **youtube.com/idwpublishing**
www.IDWPUBLISHING.com

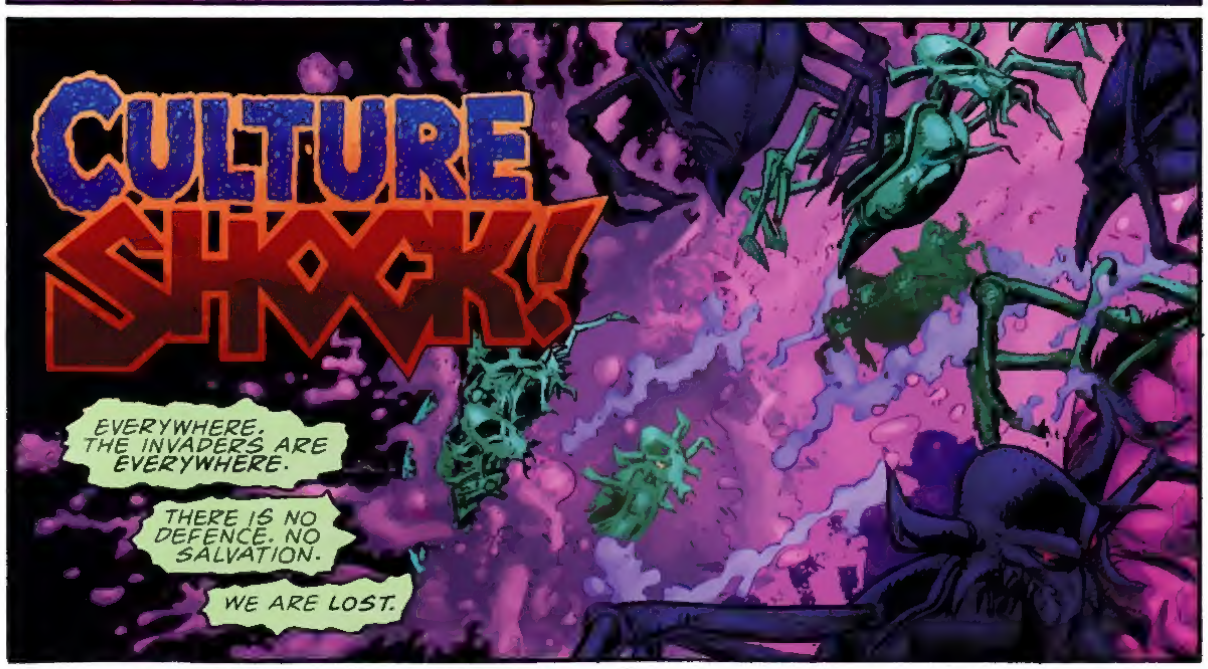
DOCTOR WHO CLASSICS: THE SEVENTH DOCTOR #5. JUNE 2011. FIRST PRINTING. Doctor Who ™ & © BBC 2011. Licensed by BBC Worldwide Limited. © Idea and Design Works, LLC. IDW Publishing, a division of Idea and Design Works, LLC. Editorial offices: 5080 Santa Fe St., San Diego, CA 92109. The IDW logo is registered in the U.S. Patent and Trademark Office. Any similarities to persons living or dead are purely coincidental. With the exception of artwork used for review purposes, none of the contents of this publication may be reprinted without the permission of Idea and Design Works, LLC. Printed in Korea.









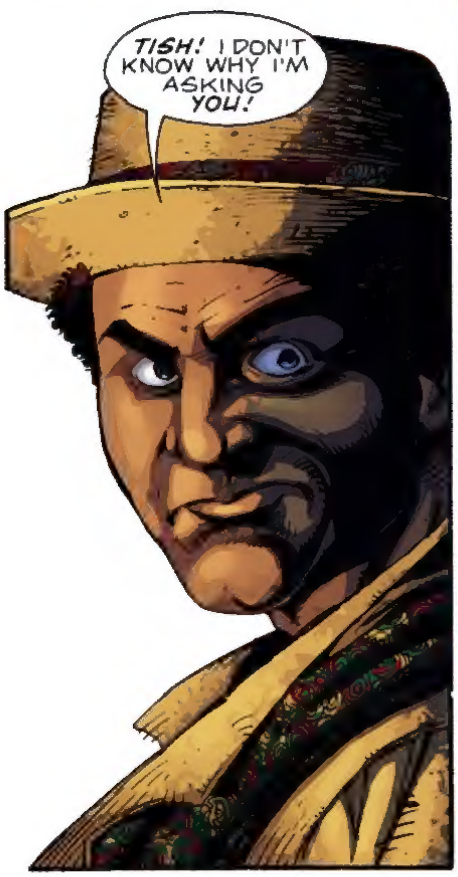


Script **GRANT MORRISON** ▮ Art **BRYAN HITCH** ▮ Lettering **ZED** ▮ Editor **RICHARD STARKINGS**

VWORP
VWORP

WELL, OLD GIRL, I THINK WE'RE *LOST* AGAIN!
I DON'T KNOW – A *TRAMP*, THAT'S ALL I AM! ALL I'VE *EVER* BEEN.

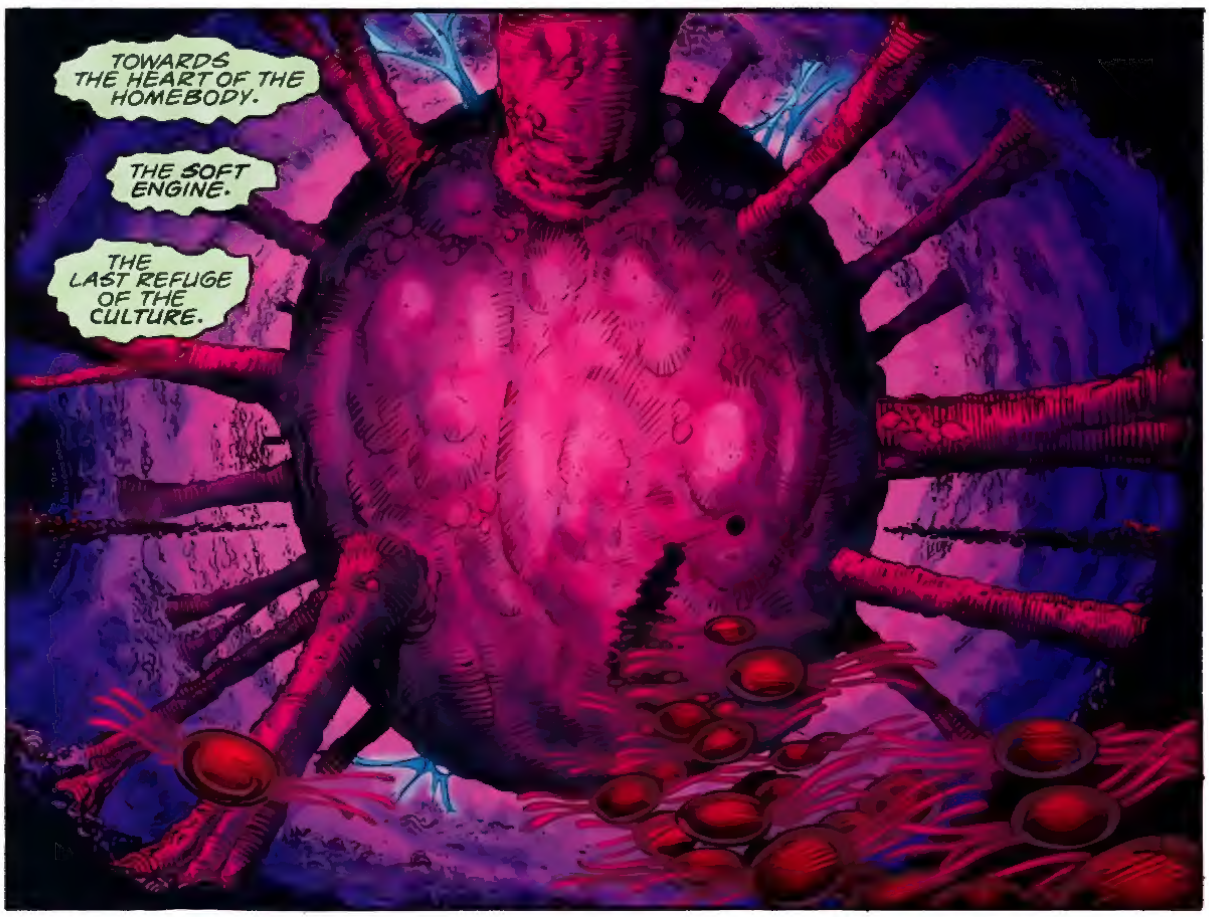
I MEAN, WHAT'S THE *POINT* OF ALL THIS BUMMING AROUND TIME AND SPACE? WHY DO I GO ON LIVING LIKE THIS?


TISH! I DON'T KNOW WHY I'M ASKING *YOU!*

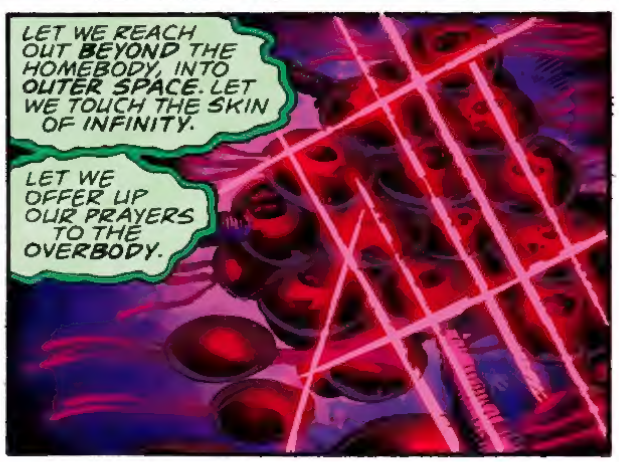
YOU'RE ALMOST AS OLD AND *USELESS* AS I AM!
MAYBE IT'S TIME TO GO HOME... FOR *GOOD*.

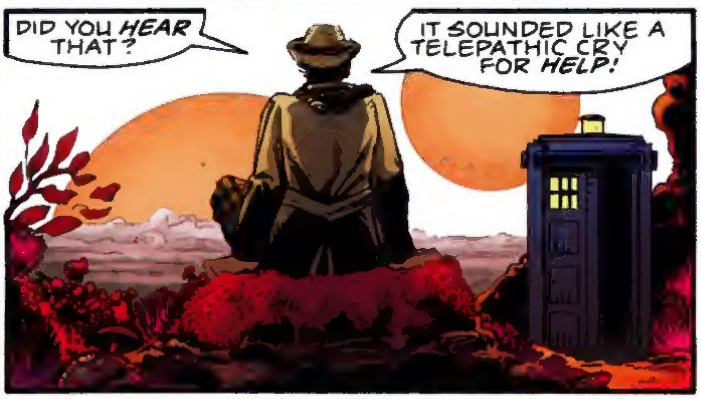
WE DO NOT KNOW HOW THE INVADERS PENETRATED THE HOME-BODY. WE KNOW ONLY THAT THEY ARE AMONG US.
MINDLESSLY, THEY PUMP DNA INTO OUR CYTOPLASM, MAKING OF OUR BODIES TERRIBLE NURSERIES FOR THE NURTURE AND RELEASE OF THEIR ARMIES.

THE LUMINOUS ARCHITECTURE OF THEIR PROTEIN SHELLS GLITTERS WITH A FATHOMLESS LUST.
WE FLEE THROUGH THE TIDES OF THE WORLDWATER.


TOWARDS THE HEART OF THE HOMEBODY.
THE SOFT ENGINE.
THE LAST REFUGE OF THE CULTURE.

THE SYNTELLIGENCE SPEAKS.
THE INVADERS HAVE DAMAGED THE HOMEBODY BEYOND REPAIR. WE ARE ALL THAT REMAINS OF THE CULTURE.
WE CAN NEVER HOPE TO COMPLETE OUR JOURNEY TO THE PRIMAL OCEAN. IT IS THE END.


LET WE REACH OUT BEYOND THE HOMEBODY, INTO OUTER SPACE. LET WE TOUCH THE SKIN OF INFINITY.
LET WE OFFER UP OUR PRAYERS TO THE OVERBODY.


DID YOU *HEAR* THAT?
IT SOUNDED LIKE A TELEPATHIC CRY FOR *HELP!*

I DON'T SUPPOSE *I* NEED TO GET INVOLVED.
TOO MANY COOKS SPOIL THE CHILD AS THEY SAY.

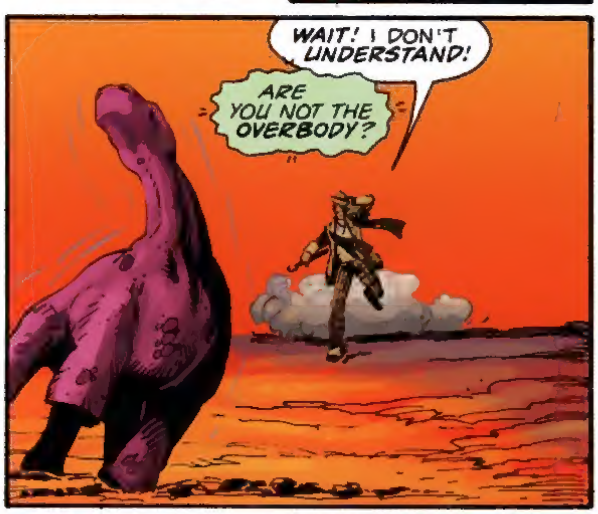
DON'T THEY?

HELP ME!

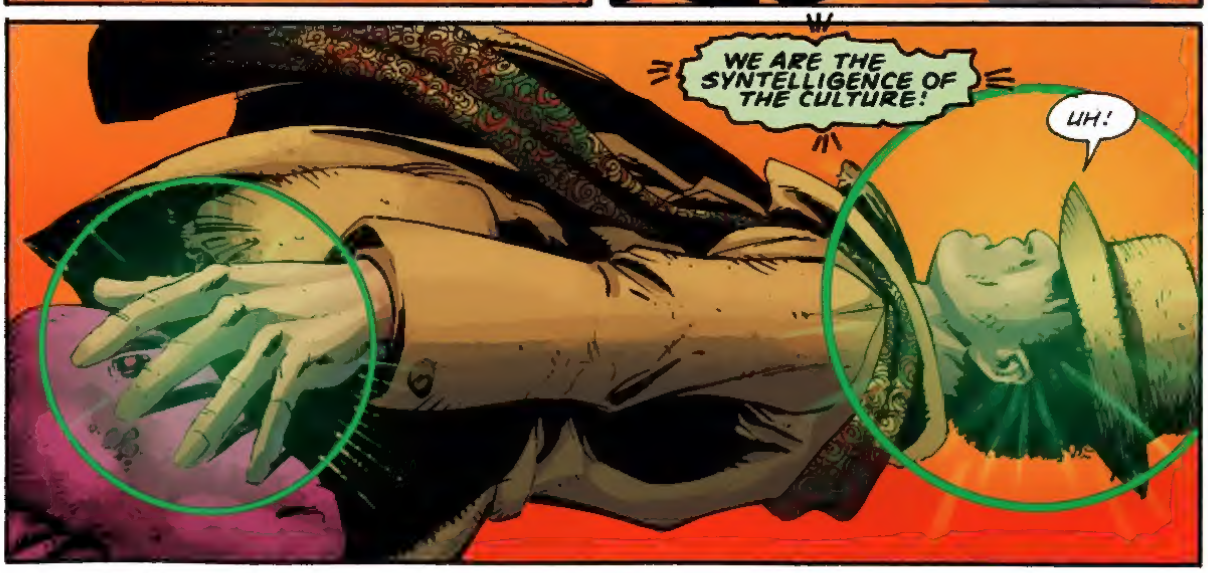
WHERE ARE YOU? I CAN HEAR YOU BUT...

AH!

OUR GREAT JOURNEY TO UNION WITH YOUR PRIMAL OCEAN IS AT AN END.
OUR HOMEBODY HAS BEEN INVADED.


WAIT! I DON'T UNDERSTAND!
ARE YOU NOT THE OVERBODY?

NO... I...
WHAT ARE YOU?
WHAT YOU SEE IS SIMPLY OUR HOMEBODY.
OUR TRANSPORT...

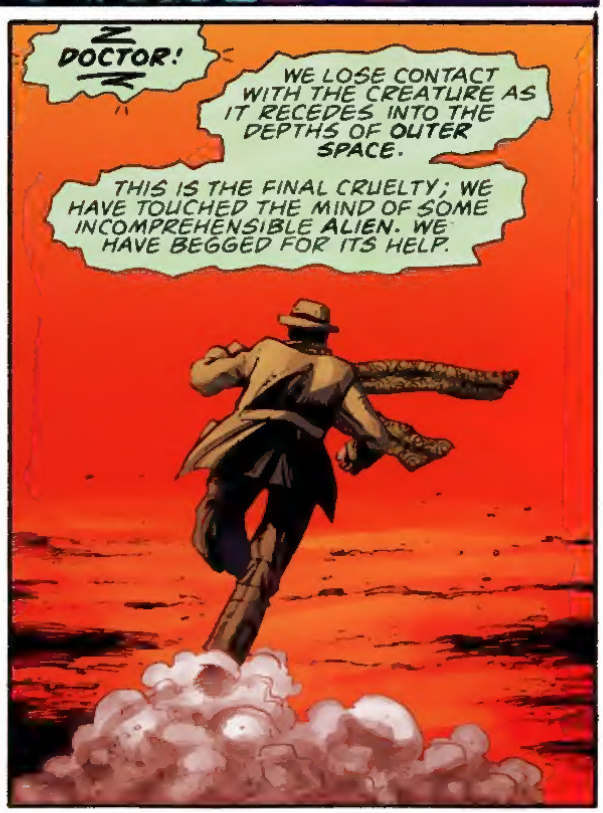

WE ARE THE SYNTELLIGENCE OF THE CULTURE!
UH!

AND YOU..? WHAT ARE YOU IF NOT THE OVERBODY?
I'M CALLED THE DOCTOR.
WHAT IS 'I'M'?
HOW CAN YOU... BE WHAT YOU ARE..? A SENTIENT HOMEBODY?

'THE CULTURE..?' OF COURSE!
YOU'RE A CELL CULTURE AND THE SYNTELLIGENCE IS SOME SORT OF MASS MIND...

...AND YOU'RE UNDER ATTACK FROM A VIRUS!
THE INVADERS HAVE BREACHED THE THORACIC GROTTO – IT IS THE END!

LISTEN, I THINK I CAN HELP. JUST STAY PUT. DON'T MOVE.
...DOCTOR..?


DOCTOR!
WE LOSE CONTACT WITH THE CREATURE AS IT RECEDES INTO THE DEPTHS OF OUTER SPACE.
THIS IS THE FINAL CRUELTY; WE HAVE TOUCHED THE MIND OF SOME INCOMPREHENSIBLE ALIEN. WE HAVE BEGGED FOR ITS HELP.

AND IT HAS ABANDONED WE TO THE HORROR.
IN THE GROTTO, HUNDREDS OF WE ARE BEING DESTROYED.

WE FEEL THE SYNTELLIGENCE DISINTEGRATE. ITS BOUNDARIES COLLAPSE INTO MEANINGLESS FORMULAE IN THE FACE OF APOCALYPSE.

THE INVADERS ARE A SWARM OF LIGHTS, AN INCANDESCENT GEOMETRY OF EXTINCTION.
DRAWING CLOSER. UNSTOPPABLE. ONE OF THEM TOUCHES WE.

AND WE SUDDENLY REALISE THAT IT IS DEAD.
ALL OF THEM ARE DEAD.
AND WE HEAR ONCE MORE THE VOICE OF OUR REDEEMER.
THERE.

I THOUGHT THAT MIGHT DO THE TRICK - MAXENSHUDICEA. IT NEVER FAILS.

NOW, DIDN'T YOU MENTION SOMETHING ABOUT TRYING TO REACH THE OCEAN?
THE MIRACLE IS COMPLETE.

ITS PURPOSE DONE, WE UNMAKE THE HOMEBODY. WE SLIP THE CHEMICAL KNOTS THAT BIND ITS STRUCTURE. WE UNCHAIN ITS DNA. AND, AT LAST, WE ENTER PARADISE.
OUR AWARENESS EXPLODES INTO DIMENSIONLESS, MYTHIC SPACE. WE KNOW UNION WITH THE OVERBODY, WITH THE INFINITE PRIMAL OCEAN. JOYOUSLY, WE DIVIDE AND REPLICATE AND BROADCAST OUR THANKS TO THE REDEEMER.
TO THE DOCTOR.
NO. THANK YOU.
WELL?
DON'T JUST SIT HERE.
WE'VE GOT PEOPLE TO SEE, PLACES TO GO, THINGS TO DO!
KLIK!
VWORP VWORP

ECHOES OF THE MOGOR!

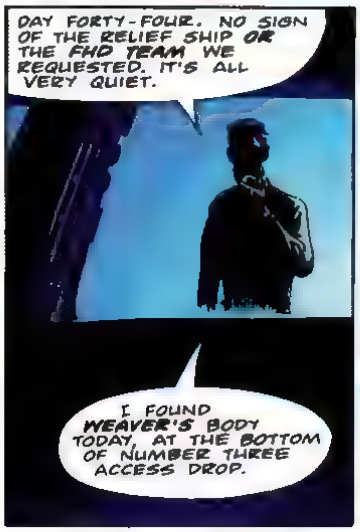
EPISODE ONE

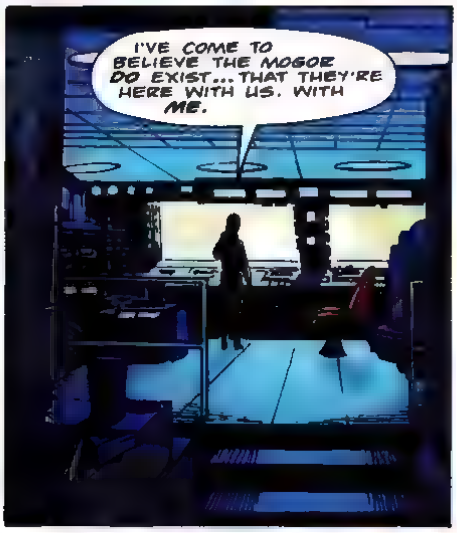
MEKROM — A WILD WORLD ON THE VERY EDGE OF KNOWN SPACE. STORMS BATTER ITS ROCKY SURFACE WITH RELENTLESS FURY. LIFE IN THE SMALL COLONY HERE IS HARD.

MEKROM IS NOT A PLACE TO BE ALONE...

...OR AFRAID!

Doctor WHO





WORP

WORP
WORP

HMM...

...I REALLY SHOULD RECALIBRATE THE INERTIAL NAVIGATOR...
...EVEN WITH THE BEST WILL IN THE WORLD, THIS ISN'T MARUTHEA.

OH WELL, ANOTHER TRY, I THINK...

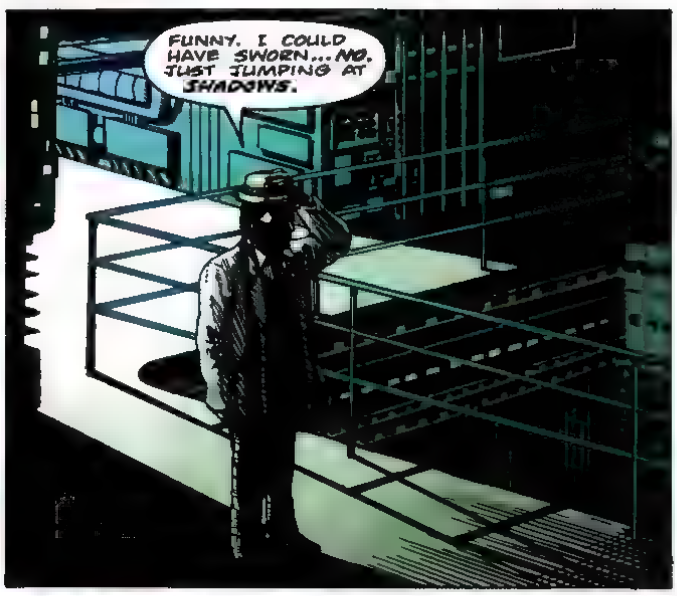
NO, WAIT.
IF I'M GOING TO HEAD FOR MARUTHEA, I'D BETTER KNOW WHERE I'M STARTING FROM. BEARINGS! I MUST GET MY BEARINGS!

HELLO? CAN ANYONE TELL ME WHERE I AM?
HELLO?

'CARGO SIXTEEN CONSUMABLES! WELL, THEY SPEAK ENGLISH HERE. WHEREVER HERE IS...

...AND THE STANDARDS OF CLEANLINESS ARE UP TO THE USUAL HUMAN EXCELLENCE.

HUH... HELLO?
2


FUNNY. I COULD HAVE SWORN... NO. JUST JUMPING AT SHADOWS.

IT'S CERTAINLY ALARMINGLY QUIET HERE...

...QUIET AS A... OH MY WORD!

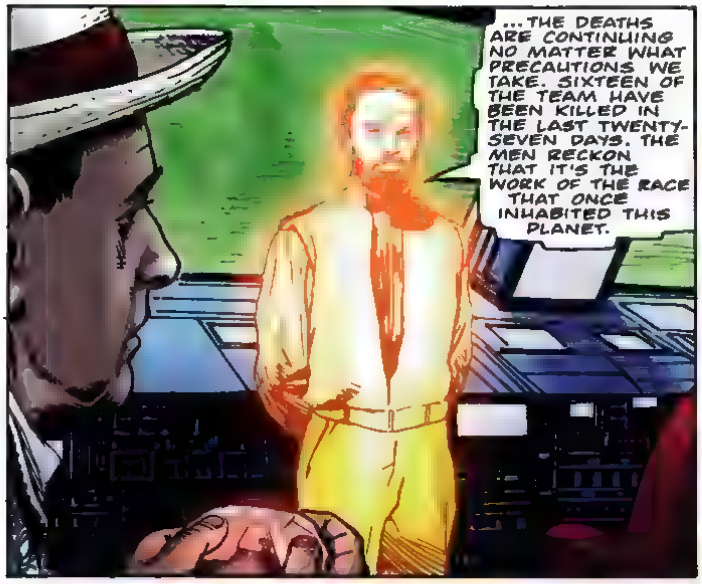
OH DEAR!

STILL WARM. HE'S ONLY BEEN DEAD A FEW MINUTES... BUT NO SIGN OF INJURIES...

POOR FELLOW LOOKS LIKE HE DIED OF— FRIGHT!

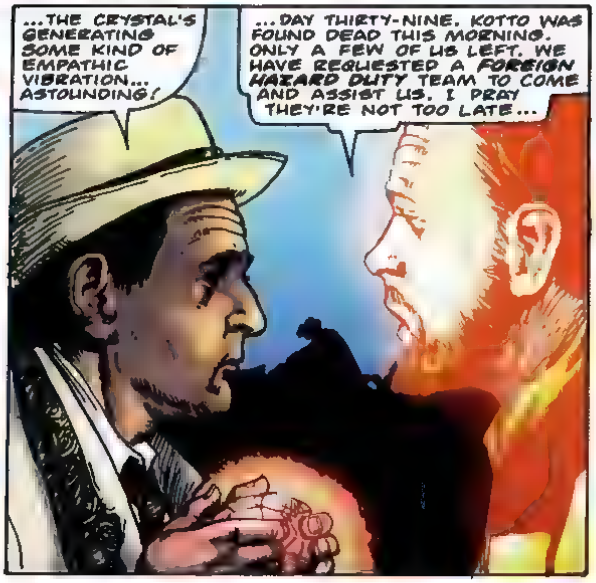
HMM... WHAT'S THIS? CRYSTALLINE ORE OF SOME SORT, BUT WHY—

OH!
...PERSONAL RECORD OF DEAN STANTON, EXECUTIVE OFFICER OF THE MEKROM COLONY...


...THE DEATHS ARE CONTINUING NO MATTER WHAT PRECAUTIONS WE TAKE. SIXTEEN OF THE TEAM HAVE BEEN KILLED IN THE LAST TWENTY-SEVEN DAYS. THE MEN RECKON THAT IT'S THE WORK OF THE RACE THAT ONCE INHABITED THIS PLANET.

...OUR EXCAVATIONS REVEAL THE RUINS OF ANCIENT DWELLING COMPLEXES. FROM WALL CARVINGS AND INSCRIPTIONS, DOCTOR KOTTO HAS DEDUCED THAT A RACE OF INTELLIGENT WAR-LIKE BEINGS LIVED HERE ABOUT SIX THOUSAND YEARS AGO.
KOTTO INSISTS THEY'RE NOW EXTINCT...

FASCINATING...
...DAY THIRTY-SEVEN. KOTTO HAS DECIPHERED SOME OF THE CARVINGS AND TELLS ME THE WORD 'MOGOR' IS A CLOSE PHONETIC APPROXIMATION OF THE RACE'S NAME...


...THE CRYSTAL'S GENERATING SOME KIND OF EMPATHIC VIBRATION... ASTOUNDING!
...DAY THIRTY-NINE. KOTTO WAS FOUND DEAD THIS MORNING. ONLY A FEW OF US LEFT. WE HAVE REQUESTED A FOREIGN HAZARD DUTY TEAM TO COME AND ASSIST US. I PRAY THEY'RE NOT TOO LATE...

MY PRESENCE, MY BODY HEAT, TRIGGERS THE IMAGE. PUT IT DOWN AND...
...DAY FORTY-FOUR. NO SIGN OF THE RELIEF SHIP OR THE FHD TEAM WE REQUESTED...

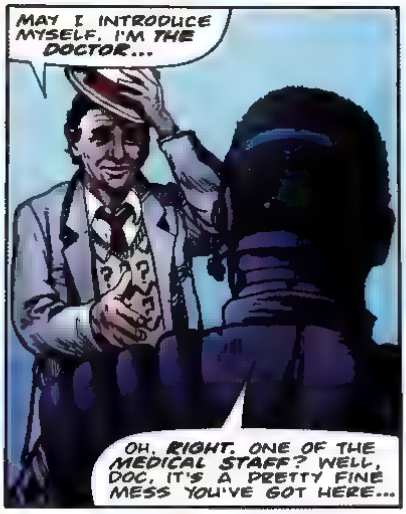
...VOILA! IT VANISHES!
IT'S ALL VERY QUIET—

THIS REALLY IS INTRIGUING. ALL THIS ABOUT THE 'MOGOR'... I REALLY DON'T KNOW WHAT—
OKAY, MAN. DON'T EVEN BREATHE!

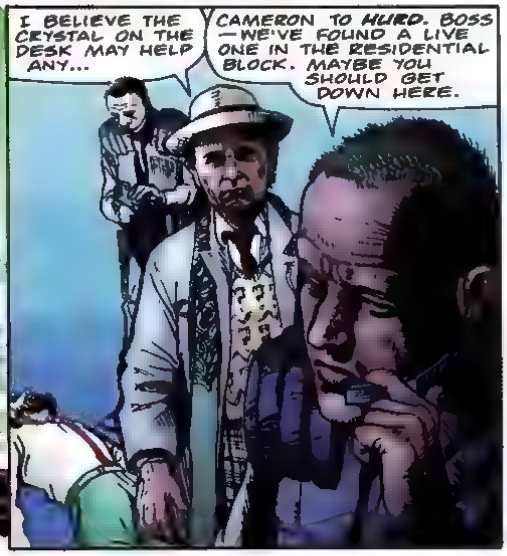
ONE MOVE, YOU MURDERING SCUM, AND YOU'RE LEAVING IN A BODY-BAG!
LOOK... THIS - THIS ISN'T HOW IT SEEMS...
FHD

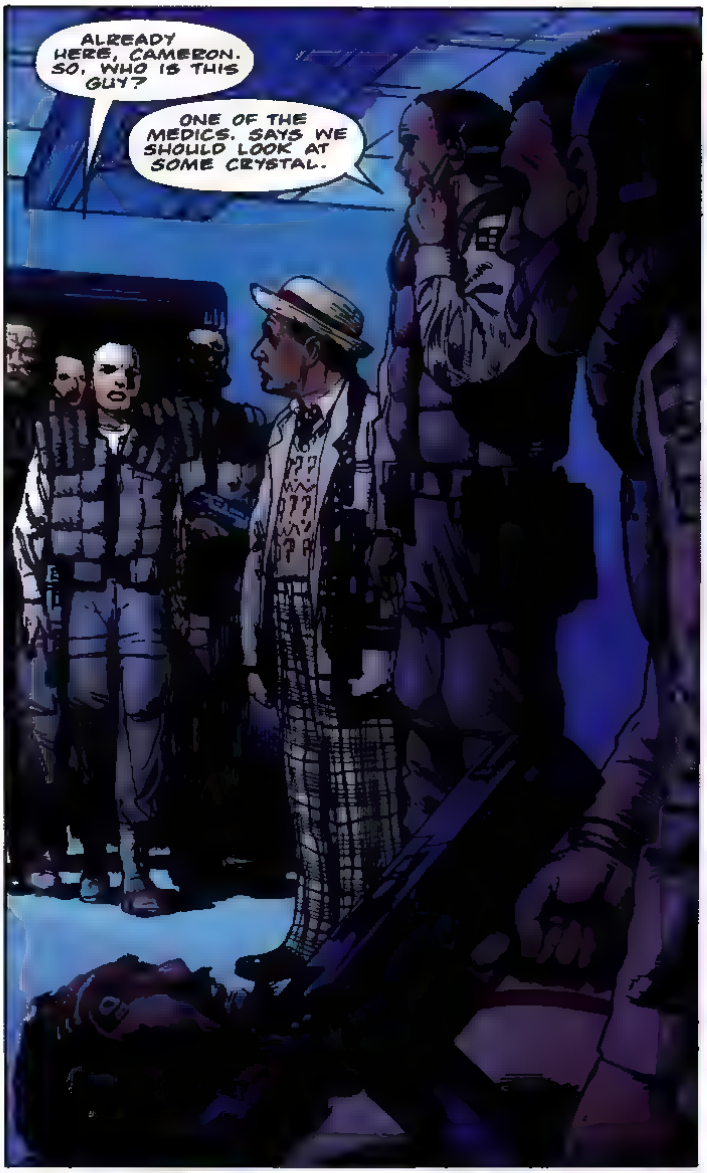
EASE OFF, O' BANNON. CAN'T YOU SEE THIS GUY'S AS SCARED AS YOU?
CAMERON, YOU'RE THE WIMP. I'M NOT SCARED.
FHD

SURE. ARE YOU OKAY? WE'RE FROM THE FHD TEAM YOU REQUESTED. I SEE WE'RE TOO LATE TO HELP THIS GUY...
...AND MOST OF THE REST OF THIS BASE, IT WOULD SEEM.

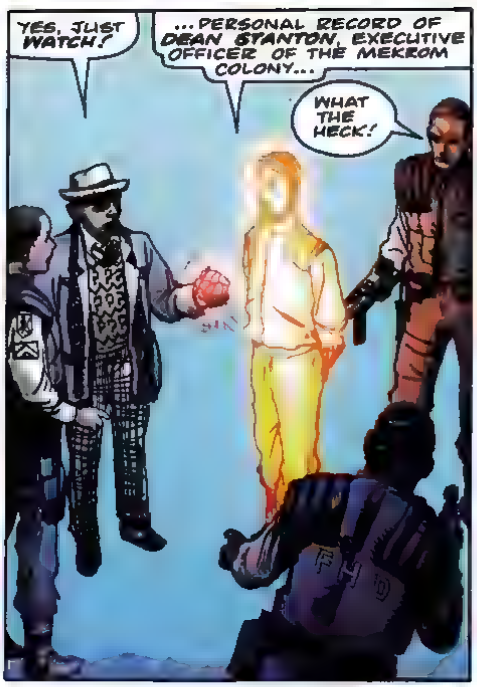

MAY I INTRODUCE MYSELF. I'M THE DOCTOR...
OH. RIGHT. ONE OF THE MEDICAL STAFF? WELL, DOC, IT'S A PRETTY FINE MESS YOU'VE GOT HERE...

...SOMETHING'S CHEWED ITS WAY THROUGH THE PERSONNEL OF A CONFEDERATION COLONY. QUESTION IS... WHAT?

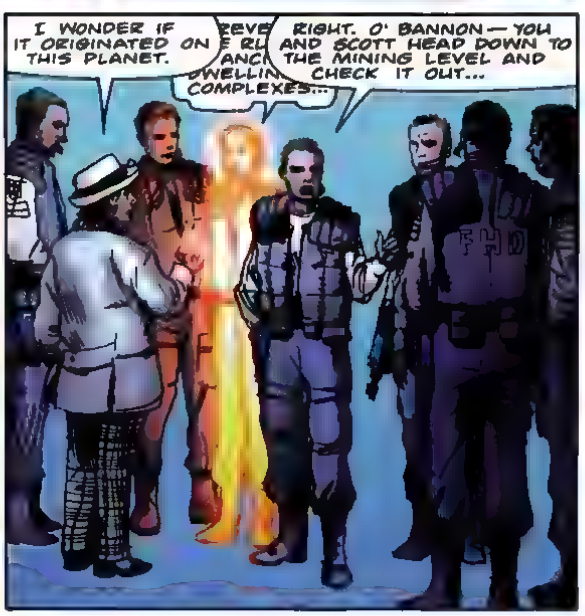

I BELIEVE THE CRYSTAL ON THE DESK MAY HELP ANY...
CAMERON TO HURD. BOSS —WE'VE FOUND A LIVE ONE IN THE RESIDENTIAL BLOCK. MAYBE YOU SHOULD GET DOWN HERE.


ALREADY HERE, CAMERON. SO, WHO IS THIS GUY?
ONE OF THE MEDICS. SAYS WE SHOULD LOOK AT SOME CRYSTAL.

INDEED, COMMANDER. YOU SEE, I THINK IT CONTAINS SOME OF THE ANSWERS TO OUR MANY QUESTIONS...
REALLY?


YES, JUST WATCH!
...PERSONAL RECORD OF DEAN STANTON, EXECUTIVE OFFICER OF THE MEKROM COLONY...
WHAT THE HECK!

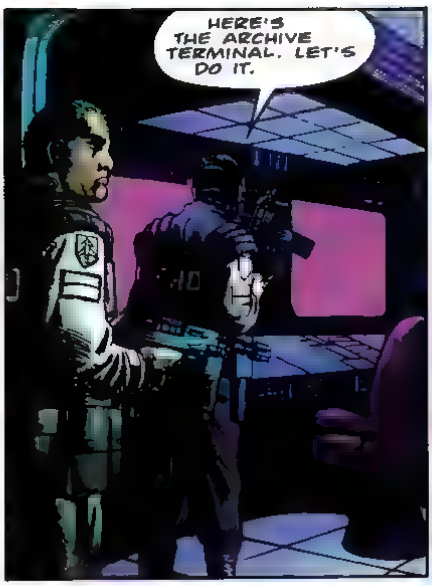
...KILLED IN THE LAST TWENTY...
WHAT IS THIS STUFF?
I'VE NEVER COME ACROSS ANYTHING LIKE IT BEFORE. EMPATHICALLY ABSORBENT CRYSTAL...


I WONDER IF IT ORIGINATED ON THIS PLANET.
RIGHT. O' BANNON — YOU AND SCOTT HEAD DOWN TO THE MINING LEVEL AND CHECK IT OUT...

NOW THEN, DOCTOR. PERHAPS YOU'D LIKE TO TELL US HOW COME YOU'RE STILL ALIVE...
AH, ER... WELL...

EVERY DIRTY JOB, MAN, WE GET 'EM ALL.
CAN IT, O'BANNON. WE'RE NEARLY THERE.

WHAT ARE YOU DOING NOW?
JUST PUTTING SOME SOFT-TIP EXPLOSIVE SLUGS ON BOARD. I AIN'T GONNA GET CAUGHT WITH MY PANTS DOWN BY SOME BUG-EYED MONSTER...


HERE'S THE ARCHIVE TERMINAL. LET'S DO IT.

ACCESSING ORE SAMPLE RECORDS...
HEY, WHAT'S THAT, MAN?

OH, MAN, NO!
MUHGRRRR
TO BE CONTINUED!

ECHOES OF THE MOGOR!

EPISODE TWO

O'BANNON AND SCOTT ARE TWO MEMBERS OF A CRACK FOREIGN HAZARD DUTY TEAM. THEY WERE CHOSEN FOR DUTY BECAUSE THEY WERE THE BEST OF THE BEST.

THEY BEAR THE SCARS OF THEIR CONFRONTATION WITH THE BEAST-MEN OF TRASIVIUS IV. THEY SURVIVED THE ONSLAUGHT OF THE CRATER SNAKES OF CANGOLIS...

BUT NOTHING PREPARED THEM FOR THE CREATURE THAT AWAITED THEM ON THE REMOTE PLANET OF MEKROM...

NO! EAT THIS, FREAK!

PLEASE... NO... PLEASE!

Doctor WHO

Script **DAN ABNETT** ▮ Art **JOHN RIDGWAY** ▮ Lettering **ANNIE HALFACREE** ▮ Editor **RICHARD STARKINGS**

ON THE DOUBLE! LET'S MOVE IT!
ASSAULT DRILL! WATCH YOUR BACKS!

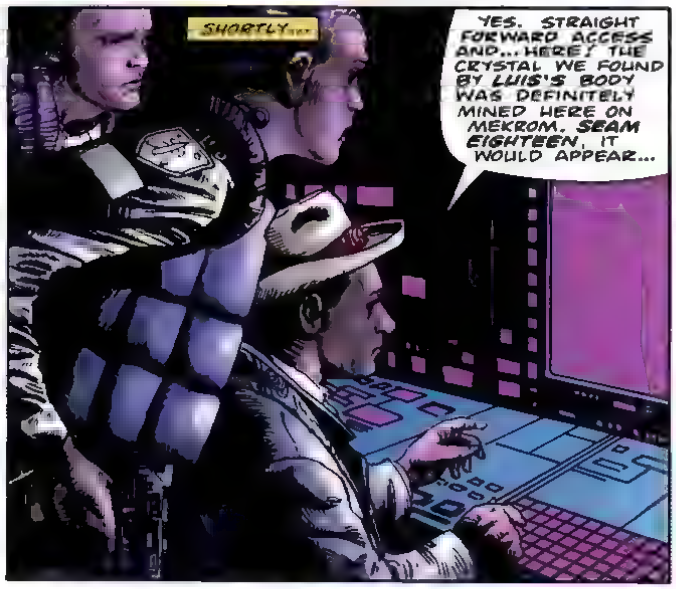
CAMERON, MIGHT I JUST SUGGEST...
BACK OFF! COBB! SHUSSET! COVER ME!

OH... MY... LORD...

COBB... RAMBALDI ...SEAL THE PERIMETER.
CAMERON...RUN A TRACKER SCAN.
HMMM... THIS IS MOST INTERESTING...
INTERESTING?!

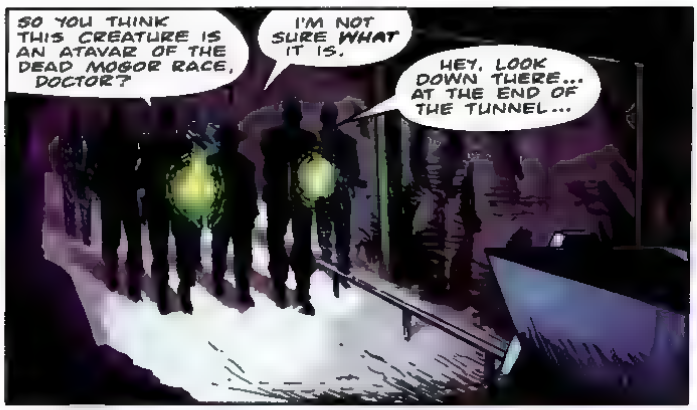
YES...YOU SEE, THESE MEN DIDN'T DIE DUE TO ANY PHYSICAL ASSAULT. THEY DIED OF HYPOVOLEMIC SHOCK.
PUT SIMPLY—THEIR SYSTEMS SEIZED UP WHILST THEY WERE IN A STATE OF ABJECT TERROR.

DOCTOR. COULD YOU HELP US HERE? SCOTT WAS OUR SCIENCE MAN AND...
OF COURSE, COMMANDER HURD.

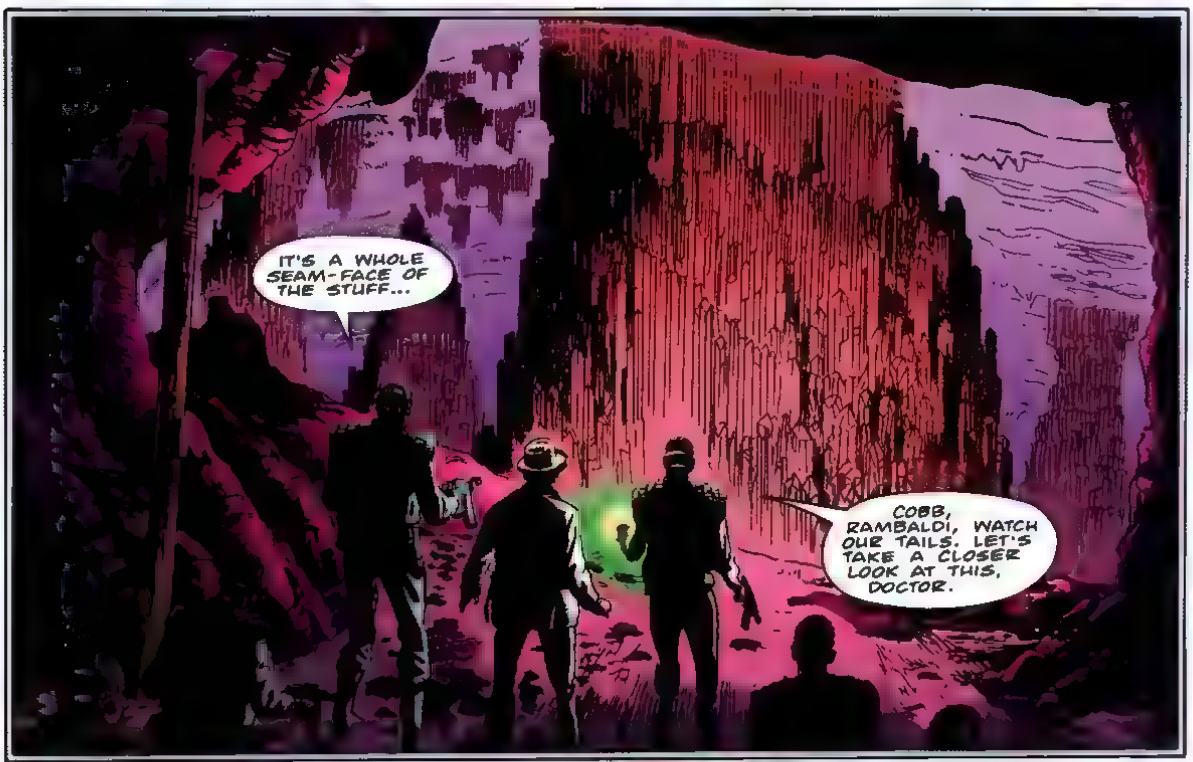

SHORTLY...
YES. STRAIGHT FORWARD ACCESS AND...HERE! THE CRYSTAL WE FOUND BY LUIS'S BODY WAS DEFINITELY MINED HERE ON MEKROM. SEAM EIGHTEEN, IT WOULD APPEAR...

IT MAY SEEM UNWISE TO VENTURE INTO THE MINES, BUT I'D SUGGEST THAT THE LINK BETWEEN THE MOGOR AND THIS BIZARRE CRYSTAL IS WORTH PURSUING.
AGREED. I WANT TO GET TO THE HEART OF THIS MESS.

OKAY, BOYS. WE'RE MOVING INTO THE MINES. LET'S ALL STAY SHARP!


SO YOU THINK THIS CREATURE IS AN ATAVAR OF THE DEAD MOGOR RACE, DOCTOR?
I'M NOT SURE WHAT IT IS.
HEY, LOOK DOWN THERE... AT THE END OF THE TUNNEL...

THIS IS FANTASTIC...
BEAUTIFUL.

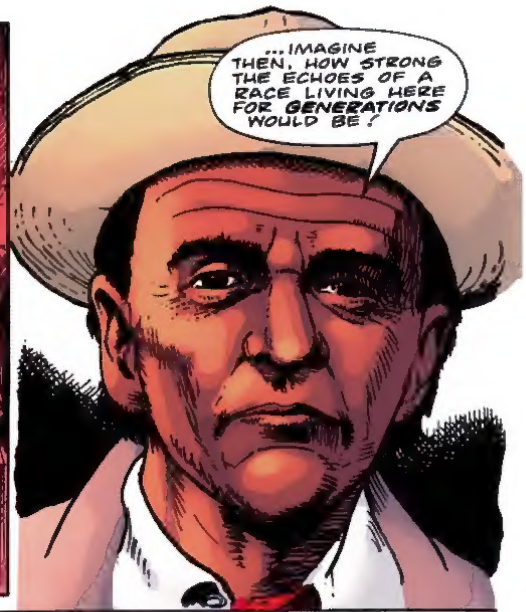

IT'S A WHOLE SEAM-FACE OF THE STUFF...
COBB, RAMBALDI, WATCH OUR TAILS. LET'S TAKE A CLOSER LOOK AT THIS, DOCTOR.

BE CAREFUL.
FASCINATING...

IF MY SUSPICIONS ARE CORRECT, THE UNIQUE EMPATHIC ABSORBANCY OF THIS LATTICE WORK IS THE ANSWER TO OUR PROBLEMS.
ALLOW ME TO DEMONSTRATE!

NOW, WATCH...

GODDAMN!
YOU SEE, IN JUST A FEW SECONDS, MY PRESENCE HAS BEEN RECORDED AND AN ECHO GENERATED. WITH A MUCH SMALLER SHARD OF THIS STUFF, LUIS MANAGED TO RECORD A MORE SOLID IMAGE OF HIMSELF IN ONLY THE SPACE OF TWO MONTHS...


...IMAGINE THEN, HOW STRONG THE ECHOES OF A RACE LIVING HERE FOR GENERATIONS WOULD BE!

ARE YOU SAYING THAT THE MOGOR ARE PHANTOMS? GHOSTS HAVE BEEN KILLING THE PEOPLE HERE?
IN A WAY. I'M POSITIVE THE MOGOR ARE AS EXTINCT AS DR KOTTO CLAIMED. BUT THEIR RACIAL MEMORY HAS BEEN RETAINED BY THE PECULIAR GEOLOGY OF THEIR HOMEWORLD.

THAT'S CRAZY! GHOSTS CAN'T KILL PEOPLE!
THE PEOPLE HERE DIED OF FEAR... FEAR OF THE UNKNOWN.

COMMANDER HURD! QUICKLY! I THINK WE'RE ABOUT TO FIND OUT IF THE DOC'S RIGHT!
TRACKERS INDICATE A LARGE OBJECT MOVING THIS WAY!

HOLY HELL!
SUPPRESSING FIRE! FORCE IT BACK!
WAIT!
FHD
FHD
FHD

WASTE IT!
NO USE! OUR SLUGS ARE GOING RIGHT THROUGH THE THING!
BUT IT CAN'T HURT US! IT'S AN IMAGE, AN ECHO OF THE MOGOR! IT'S NOT REAL!

REAL OR NOT, WE'RE LEAVING! FALL BACK!

JUST DISBELIEVE IT! AN ECHO CAN'T HURT YOU!
YOU WANT TO STAY AND FIND OUT?

MAN. I DO NOT WANT ANOTHER CLOSE ENCOUNTER LIKE THAT!
IT NEARLY KILLED US!
NO! NO! YOUR FEAR NEARLY DID! IT WASN'T REAL!

HEY! IT'S STILL COMING!
WHY WON'T YOU LISTEN?
COBB! MOVE!

THIS IS YOUR LAST CHANCE! IT'S NOT REAL! DISBELIEVE IT!

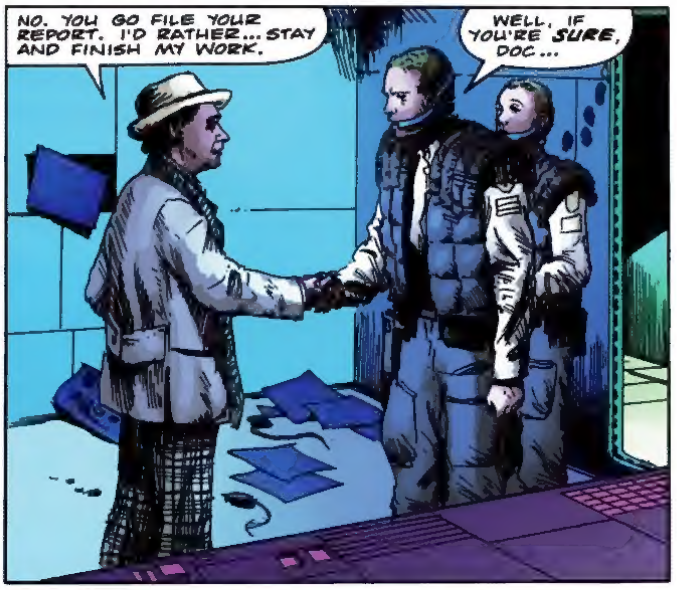
DO YOU HEAR ME? I DON'T BELIEVE YOU EXIST!

F.H.D.
F.H.D.

WHA— IT'S GONE... VANISHED!
IT WAS NEVER REALLY THERE.
THANK HEAVENS YOU WERE RIGHT, DOCTOR.

IT WAS JUST A MEMORY, HURD. AN ECHO. THERE WERE NO MURDERS HERE. I THINK YOU CAN SAFELY WRAP UP THIS CASE NOW.
YEAH... RIGHT. BUT IT'S WAY OUT OF MY FIELD, DOCTOR.

I'M ORDERING A PICK UP. THERE'S NOTHING MORE WE CAN DO HERE. WE'LL FILE A REPORT AND LET THE AUTHORITIES DECIDE HOW TO DEAL WITH GHOSTS.
WE'LL TAKE YOU BACK TO EARTH, DOCTOR...


NO. YOU GO FILE YOUR REPORT. I'D RATHER... STAY AND FINISH MY WORK.
WELL, IF YOU'RE SURE, DOC...

LET'S GET OUT OF HERE, CAMERON. BE CAREFUL, DOCTOR.
YEAH, DOC. SEE YOU NEXT WEDNESDAY.
CHEERIO.

OH WELL, I SUPPOSE I MUST BE GETTING ALONG TOO. I'D BETTER TRY TO FIND MY WAY TO MARUTHEA.
SO THIS FEARFUL PLACE IS MEKROM, EH? THAT'S A START...